

BY ALL MOUTHS

Botanists say that thorns are imperfectly developed buds, which have become indurated, and which are

WALT WHITMAN

— Lady Eastlake has undertaken to superintend the issue of Mrs. Jameson's volume of the 'Life of Christ and John the Baptist,' which was announced to complete the series of 'Legendary Art.'

SALARIES OF ACTORS IN THE OLDEN TIME

St. Michael. In 1753 M. Picault transferred the painting from panel to canvas, which soon rotted and to be replaced by fresh canvas in 1778, under the superintendence of M. Haquin; and in 1800 the second canvas was replaced by fresh, by a son of M. Picault.

SAMUEL RAYNOR,
112 WHITE ST. near John street, New York

DOOKO BTO

These ENVELOPES are PRINTED IN THE
Ornamented to suit any trade or business.
You should use them. Samples sent on request
postage.

1. NAME OF THE PARTY

— IN PINK —

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
AT MODERATE PRICES

N. B.—You will also find at FRAFF'S the best
Italian, English, and American

2

ING,
ICES.
German, French,
etc.

COPY OF AN ANTIQUE MANUSCRIPT.

(Found in the study of the Times Building.)

BUTTS GREELEY TO CORNAR NEWARD.

1854.

1. Now that the contest is over, and you are a usual victor, permit me, gentle sir, I am very much pleased and gratified.
- And coming at once to the point, in the frankness and truth of my nature, I assure you, my excellent friend, that I'll have you no longer, confound you!
- No! Mr. Mark Antony Webb, who's a festive and witty deceiver.
2. What! have I failed so long, and lived on a crust in a garret, working for you like a dog, and working for one thousand dollars and rich, and talking log-cabin and elder, doing my best for the Whigs, and howling for you in particular, and now, when I think of it, now, have I ever received any office?
- Ever fell out of the trough wherein you and your fellows have wallowed?
- What! have I suffered so much, and been such an excellent fellow, done so much good upon earth, all the while in a wretched condition, and I must remember it, sir, have you ever done ought to reward me?
3. True that I never asked office! True that I did the "Fid,"—I sleep was an excellent man, a humble and golly disciple!
- True that my virtuous lesson has all along thronged for the masses!
- True that I offered myself as a patriot disinterested!
- Faithful, long-suffering, meek, and patient with public enemies!
- True I pretended to work and never want anything for it!
- But I don't suppose you so green as to think that I don't know it in earnest!
- I don't imagine you stupid enough to believe in my winning!
4. Do you think I'm a jackass, good sir, do you think I'm an absolute jackass?
- Do I wear my white coat in vain, and my very old hat, sir, for nothing?
- I merely for sport, do you think, that I walk in lugubrious trousers, stocking the fashions and things, and all the noddies that love me?
- Look at my boots and shoes, if you please, philanthropic boots of the period!
- Think you I'd walk in such boots if I thought they would carry me nowhere?
- Think you I'd wear such a hat, were it not to impose on the people?
- Or cover this manly figure with garments so very primeval?
- Not I! I know myself, as I think that I do, BILLY NEWARD!
- And if ever you thought that I would, why you've not comprehended your HORACE!
- Anyways I assure you at once that I'll have you no longer—confound you!
5. You have been getting on very well; you have figured in *Sixty and in Congress*.
- Your speeches have sometimes been read, and I hear that you've more or less money.
- On your brow is the laurel of fame, in your heart is the sunshine of love.
- But you never have offered me place; you have made me the tool of your purpose.
- Pretending respect for my suit, and refusing to see through my nonsense.
- Giving to Horace and to Wells, to Watson, to Webb and to Raymond.
- And, to regions of others, and all most contemptible people.
- Office, and riches and power, and all the nice things that they wanted.
- And leaving me out in the cold, sir, to long for the leaves and the fishes!
6. What if you thought me sincere? Are you blind to the use of temptation?
- Why not have tested my virtue, if only to prove me a Spartan?
- Ah, you were thrown, BILLY NEWARD, but HORACE is like to remember.
- "Virtue its own reward"—do you think me a drivelling idiot?
7. Well, you have had your day, you have revelled in sunshine and glory.
- You have left me to watch and to work, and enjoy my crust and my garret.
- But now there's an end of it all. I forgive you, I freely forgive you.
- But we will in the same boat no more, and I caution you look to your rigging.
- Have a helmsman who knows how to steer, and a good patient wheel for the purpose.
- Let heretofore you make some fine day, and find yourself fast in Salt River!
- Farewell, BILLY NEWARD, farewell! I am going to travel in Europe.
- Going to cool my brain by a bath in Olifion's waters.
- Going in fact to grass—where you will go some day or other.
- So forget me as soon as you please, —tis enough that I'm sure to remember!
- Enough that we're quits from this time—enough that my name's

HORACE GREELEY.

(From the Independent, June 21.)

A PANORAMIC PICTURE.

By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Cream-Colored Oxen on the Campagna—See-Sickness on the Mediterranean—Riots from a Hotel-Window in Naples—Herculaneum and Pompeii—Out-of-door Life.

NAPLES, April 18th.

We have been here at Naples now three days. This beautiful country—the spoiled, petted child of the earth—has a climate whose charms, when it is not pleasant, are as bitter and unwholesome as the sour temper of a beautiful woman. In short, as you go Southward, cold and sullen weather, when it does come, seems more and more utterly unbearable. We left Rome on the railroad for Civita Vecchia. All the world was on the way—the stream straggling from Holy Week, passing mostly by sea, either Northward to Florence or Southward to Naples. The depot was blocked with carriages; it rained sullenly and without mercy. We did what all the world did, whether in this so-called thin, got out and paddled through mud and water to the depot, stood a good hour while hapless couriers pushed and struggled for baggage and tickets in the rush and crush, and found ourselves at last in a carriage of a seemingly interminable train of cars, happy to be at peace.

The great Campagna whirled by us, a constant succession of pictures—the trees and fields all in that tender green of new-born buds which Dante and Fra Angelico delight to consider as the color of angels' wings and vestments. Mighty cream-colored oxen, with their grand branching horns, and great dreamy eyes, with lashes long and silky, were lying about in the fresh grass or standing pensively musing. One looks into their deep, dark eyes, as into some mysterious fountain like that of Egeria, shaded with ferns and bushes—and one sees then why the household divinity, the mother of gods and men, who presided over the cradle of infancy, should have been conceived by old Homer as ox-eyed. The epithet brings to us the true ox-woman—fair and blood-cheeked, calm and full of domesticity and homely providence, a clovered woman whose broad sheets of sweet meadow-hay—who chewed curls of good household thought, silently filling herself up with kindly intentions in the good motherly lap and broad bosom might be counsel and sound wisdom, and an unchanging daylight of calm content—a woman made for wear, with no fancies, no nervous starts, no megrims or hysterics—but in whose ample sweetness megrims, hysterics, stolidous nerves, and all infirmities of weaker-constituted natures, might find a dewy repose, such as one gets lying on a hay-rick hearing birds sing in a mellow June-day drowse. This is the ox-eyed Juno that one sees in Villa Ludovici, with her sublime brow, her great calm eyes, her full, sweet, noble lips, her amplitude of outline—most useful and fit mountain of womanly kindness, truth, firmness, calmness, sympathy, and healthy calmness—like these magnificent cream-colored creatures of the Campagna. We much fear that the domestic anecdotes of Juno, as given by

her poet, suit as ill with this idea as poetry generally does with reality, and that Jupiter might shrug his shoulders expressively at the contrast. So often is a good animal superior in its morals to the human type, resembling it. The introduction of wide intelligence seems to play the mischief with creation generally.

The woods as we rode by them in some places were stately with flowers—some fields a perfect bed of some kind of lily, of what species we could not tell—a spike of white blossoms with long grassy leaves. Clouds were sailing to and fro in the sky, winding and unwinding, letting streaks of sunlight down into the soft, sun-like plains, and then covering them with soft velvet bands of darkness. Great quantities of shrubbery, all golden with blossoms, contrasted vividly with the green of the leaves; and altogether one found the Campagna quite another thing in mid-April from the brown, bare desolation it seemed two months ago. The last part of the way, the sea dashes up on a wild, ragged, rocky coast, that has a singularly desolate and forbidding aspect. The voices of dead ages seem to be crying out like sea-monsters among the cliffs, while we, modern whirl chattering by in modes of conveyance, of which Homer and Cicero in wildest dreams could never have conceived.

Arrived at Civita Vecchia, the reign of chaos and old night seemed proclaimed. It rained, it was muddy, baggage for up and for down was tumbled indiscriminately together, and there was a rush and push and hurry and screaming—in the midst of all which our provident genius of a courier sent us away in a carriage to the hotel. The Greeks whom a goddess wrapped away in a cloud from a battle-field, could not have gone off more relieved—little as the rattling omnibus resembles a cloud. Up we came through the rain to the Hotel Diomed, where we waited for four or five hours for the work of examining passports, etc., to be over. The passports were all mixed together, some four or five hundred, and the two steamers for Florence and Naples waiting.

About five o'clock we were on the Messagerie boat *Hermes* a clean, sweet, handsome craft—with nice state rooms, an excellent table, and everything for our comfort except this Mediterranean Sea, which exceeds all waters of the globe, whether salt or fresh, for producing utter discomposure of the system. I have crossed the ocean and the British Channel, where one meets average, fair, honest sea-sickness and discomfort, but the motion of a screw-steamer in the Mediterranean is one of the refinements of torture and discomfort, before which all other marine discommodities must succumb.

It was over like all things else, however, and we found ourselves in beautiful upper rooms of Hotel Concord in Naples, overlooking the sea. The sea smooth, with the regular duck-duck which it bears under those skies, an iridescent gleam mingling blue, green, and purple, with just a thought of tawny gold. Bright objects, like a great beautiful opal, like old voluptuous tapers, whose quaint romantic outlines are all day bathed in colored mists, of every dream-like soft change of hue. In the foreground, the *Casella del Ovo*, a circular building, with yellow and gray lichen walls, the sea dashing in white tongues of foam at its base. To right and left sweeps round the panoramic view of the Bay of Naples. Vesuvius on the left, with all the vineyards and villages, which lie palpitating through the mist, warmed by the treacherous undertones of his great passionate nature, which has drunk and nourished for hundreds of years, and has a drunken frolic only on the hundred and first; for which he expends his pent-up energy by another century of fruitfulness. A turbulent-tempered, but well-meaning old giant, he, probably, with his own private grief and interior disturbances, and taking one thing with another, the vastness of his nature, and the intensity of his emotions, deserves commendation, on the whole, for the way he reins himself in.

Every night we go out on the balcony to look of his old cloudy face, and what we see is like a book of great hickory coals, just unripened, and sparkling and blinking high up in the air. Three years ago, one saw nothing of this, day or night. We went up there and saw two craters, in each of which was a funnel like the chimney of a glass-factory, belching and roaring with a hollow-roared mean like that of an imprisoned lion. Into the smallest crater we descended and walked on the Stygian crust, and saw through gaping cracks the red-hot lava under us as one might figure the floor of Infernal Regions. Now we are told all is changed—no indeed it is to the outward view. By daylight at this moment one sees the mountain burning and smoking not on the top, but a little more than half way up, as if there were great coal-pits there, and I am told the crater into which we descended three years ago is utterly torn away and destroyed.

Yesterday was one of those all-perfect days which, come they in what time they will, are among God's best gifts and sweetest expressions of kindness to us. All was glorified—the wide sea, the distant island of Capri, the old gray castle del Ovo, the smoke of Vesuvius, the white villages flashing out like gems. Under our windows came some of these fantastic Neapolitan musicians, thrumming away on the guitar about bella and anello and all such sunny-day matters, and we stood over in the balcony and clapped our hands and laugh and throw down carlini, whereas he gets more excited and plays faster and sing louder than ever. The Neapolitans remind one of the plantation negroes of America, a merry, rollicking, ragged, careless set, to whom it is sufficient to lie in the sun and sing; they have such a passion for gay colors and musical sounds, and such a flexibility of motion and sense of the dancing and the singing element in nature. They are all of the fawn tribe, as conceived by Hawthorne.

We started at 9 o'clock for Herculaneum and Pompeii. Our drive at first lay along the quay that skirts the sea, with its swarming variety of life and motion. Every moment some new picture passes—now a donkey with great baskets bigger than himself slung on either side, all waving with the green feathery tops of carrots, and a boy behind steering him by the tail, and making unimagined noises to urge him on—now another donkey loaded with the refuse nature of the streets—now a flock of goats being driven on their winding way to go from house to house to be milked at the door, and thus furnish undeniably an unaltered article. There were rows of little boats along the shore for the selling fish and other marine commodities, with the names of their owners up over them. On the other hand were booths for fruits or lemonade, arranged like a shrine, with an image of the Madonna and child wreathed with the golden blossoms which are so plenty at this time of year. It was ten o'clock in the morning, yet we saw everywhere men lying sleepily round in the sun, or sitting in groups, or leaning against walls. One group of large healthy-looking women struck us particularly—seated flat on the dirty pavement, right in the way of passing foot-passengers, they seemed to be enjoying the sunshine; and were gossiping with the most innocent contentment.

All family life in Italy is out of doors—it is all that keeps the breath of life in people—for the family room is absolutely without a window or any means of light or air but the door, and therefore in pleasant weather the good wives proceed with all their family arrangements in the street with most amiable simplicity. Here a woman sits with the tangle head of a child in her lap, hunting for unmentionable game. There an old man is submitting tranquilly to the same operation at the hands of his little daughter, who exhibits to small sense of her own importance in this walk of filial duty. Here a woman with a comb is busy on the subject-head of another woman, while swarms of ragged children tumble and roll contentedly in the dirt at their feet—all chatter with faces brimful of contentment.

Now we see a woman bearing on her head a bundle of Neapolitan clover, with its long heads of rich crimson blossoms, and fragrant leaves; and anon another carries a similar burden of a sort of purple-blossomed variety, whose graceful tendrils and delicate leaves

and nod as she moves. Now goes by a meek little donkey, with two great ragged fellows crouching their backs up and down on his back, looking more fit to carry him than he to carry them. These poor little donkeys have such pretty patient faces, and look so innocently resigned to contempt and blows and contumely, that one's heart aches for them. The boys that guide them keep up a constant regular tattoo of blows, varied by ingenious twists of the tail, and in just the same proportions whether the creature goes fast or slow. The donkey accepts the abuse as a matter of course—a part of his daily bread, and never inquires why it was born a donkey, but goes on meekly as before.

Now rushes by a rude, one-horse omnibus—one lean horse dragging a rough heavy cart, with seventeen or eighteen jolly ragged fellows, and a relay of children sprinkled in between. Like the negro-slaves of plantations, these lazzaroni of Naples seem pertinaciously gregarious. You can never get one without a dozen little appendages. They swarm over every carriage, when the driver will let them, with not the smallest thought either of the ability of the horses to draw them, or the convenience of those who ride. The coachmen generally have some half-a-dozen cronies, to whom they willingly give a chance of a life. We have seen a ragged urchin asleep on the back of a carriage, where he hung like a worm. Like slaves, they are cruel to animals, not from malice or ferocity, but from sheer little inconsiderateness. Nobody considers them, why should they consider anybody? They overload and beat horses in the most shocking way. Going up Mount Vesuvius at one time, our carriage was drawn by some fine, valuable livery-stable horses. When the poor creature—their heaving sides and drooping sweat so troubled us that all the party got out to walk, before the guide could be persuaded to take his weight off the box; and when it came to the last part of the ascent, the wretches actually struck the horses across their haunches with long poles, to make them go up the steep.

Any remonstrance on our part about cruelty either to the horses or donkeys, was met with a bland smile and a courteous signora. They could not even form the conception that we had any feeling for the animal, but supposed it to be merely pretence to conceal some personal apprehensions.

About an hour's drive brought us to the village of Portici, which is built over Herculaneum. We alighted and went into a common-looking house, where an old man provided us all with candles, and then opened a door which appeared to go down into a cellar, and we all began to descend.

On our right and left we could see the marks of the pluckaxes which had cut the passage down which we were treading, through a bank of solid lava, hard and glassy. Down lower, the damps dripped and oozed along the walls, and the rumble of carriages overhead sounded strangely in contrast to the ghastly darkness and stillness into which we were descending. It was the old theatre of Herculaneum we were coming into—a building as large as the San Carlos, which is said to be the largest in the world. We heard the bats flapping overhead, squeaking and gibbering as the unvoiced light disturbed them. We passed through long galleries to the stage, to the green-room—saw here and there traces of vermillion ceiling or partially-effaced fresco—saw the places of the orchestra, and stepped on the moss-grown stage. The very fact that it had once been a place of amusement added to the heavy, ghostly-chill—the sense of death and desolation.

We saw the basis, with inscriptions, from which had been taken the equestrian statues of the Two Balbi, father and son, which we had seen in the museum the day before. Every space thus made must be carefully bricked up again because of the living town above. The first discovery of the town, it is well known, was from the sinking of a well for the convenience of a family above, which well came into this theatre.

Besides the two equestrian statues of Balbus, are several marble ones called the Mother, Wife, and Daughters. The statue called the Mother is a most striking one. It is of an elderly woman of majestic presence, and face impressed with such deep lines of tragic precision, that one might fancy it the statue of one who foresaw the desolation that was about to engulf her city. Most singular in its force of character and strength of expression is this statue—one of those portraits that so evidently suggest a history that one longs to know the original. This family, distinguished for personal dignity and presence, and holding so high a place in public esteem, reveals itself to us after a silence of centuries. How impressive and awful it must have been to have found them in these subterranean recesses, standing silent, awful! I fancied how that pale, strong, fateful face of the mother of Balbus must have looked when down in these oozy damps the light of the discovering torch first flared upon it. The history of pride, passion, and sorrow, which must have written themselves on that strange face, must have had a startling power, looking out in their stony stillness from the silence of so deep a night, so long and stony an entombment!

Our party was a large one—many of them young and full of spirits, and trod the desolated way with many a gay word and light laugh—yet even the fair young faces and the thoughtless laughs had a ghostly, unnatural look and sound in that depressing stillness. When we emerged to the daylight, one young maiden appeared to view bearing a full-blown rose, which she said she had picked up on the damp floor below.

The blooming child of upper air seemed to us an incredible marvel to emerge from so death-like shades, and we wondered and speculated how it got there. Such doubtless once grew in the gardens of that suburban city, and lying back in the carriage, and shutting one's eyes, one might have fancied it the ghost of a rose from some of those buried gardens—a rose that should look just like another, but should gradually dissolve and fade from view in upper regions. We arrived at Pompeii at about twelve o'clock, and went into a little caravanserai to get lunch before entering on our explorations.

In an upper chamber all hung round with French lithographs, we took our lunch. A man with a guitar found his way to the balcony, on to which our room opened, and began playing and singing gay airs, the very sound of which seemed to say—Be gay, have a good time, dance and sing while the sun shines.

The character of these Neapolitan airs strongly reminds me of the gay car of negro-melodies—the same strongly accentuated rhythmic character and sharp expression of time—the same careless abandon of gayety. He sang, and we laughed—he intimated carlini, and we sang them—and then off he went, singing again, until we laughed more and paid more carlini—he improvised silly compliments, and had suggestions of bells and amore, which led to more carlini—but we were too good-natured to demur, and altogether he made a good thing of us, doubtless—careless, jocular dog that he was, full to his throat with the sunshine of this bright day.

Pompeii is a much more airy and sunny expedition than Herculaneum. It seems to have been buried by drifting sands, much as our fences in New England are sometimes hid under snow-drifts, and over these drifts grass and flowers have become green and gay. The unexcavated part looks like a green hill or mound, and only about a third of it is excavated. Unlike Herculaneum, the work of disinterment is easy enough. No superincumbent city to be disturbed by mining beneath, and the material to be removed being light, loose sands, offers scarce any obstacle. More anon.

For THE BENEFIT OF EDITORS.—The proprietors of *Our Home*, a water cure, located in Danville, Livingston county, kept by Dr. Jackson, formerly of Glen Haven, publish through the columns of the *Herald* of that place an invitation to all editors of newspapers throughout the United States who are sick, to become at any time their guests, without charge, for three months.

to take a course of treatment for that length of time. It says: "To those of you who are addicted to the use of tobacco, ardent spirits, drug-palms, tea, coffee, or opium, and would like to be relieved from your dependence on them, we extend this invitation."

THE "NIAGARA."

The United States frigate *Niagara*, which is to have the honor of conveying the Embassy to their homes, was taken out of dock a few days since. The damage which she sustained in her late attempted voyage to Panama, was the working away of the packing which surrounds the shaft where it passes through the dead-wood and sternpost. This has been entirely repaired, and every precaution taken against the recurrence of the accident. It was also found that the ship's bottom needed overhauling and cleaning, much of the copper requiring to be replaced and refastened. The haste with which she was ordered away on the first trip, precluded the possibility of perfecting the arrangements for the accommodation of the Embassy, so that her return—while it changes the entire plans contemplated by the Secretary of the Navy—has been fortunate for all concerned. The defects in the first arrangement of the cabins have been remedied, the rooms for the use of the Ambassadors have been classified, and furnished in a style of oriental splendor, leaving nothing to be desired which the comfort or luxury of the distinguished guests could desire. The *Niagara* is nearly five thousand tons burthen, and has two engines, each of 1,000 horse-power. The perfection of her model renders her the easiest, as well as the swiftest, vessel-of-war afloat upon the ocean. The twelve guns which were originally intended for her armament have been placed on her decks, each of them weighing about 2,000 pounds, and capable of projecting a 240-pound shell a distance of four miles. She is ordered to be ready for sea on the 25th of June, and it is expected that she will receive the Japanese on board, and take her departure from this port about the 1st of July. A portion of the baggage of the Embassy is already on board. The *Niagara* carries, on the present voyage, about four hundred men, including officers. She is to proceed by the Cape of Good Hope, stopping probably at St. Paul de Loando, on the Coast of Africa, where the United States Government have a coal depot, to obtain a supply. She is expected to make the run to Jeddah in about ninety days, including the time occupied in touching at one or two points on the voyage. The following is a list of the officers:

Capt. Wm. W. McKee, commanding; Lieutenant and Executive Officer, John Guest; Lieut. J. C. P. Delkraft, E. E. Potter, D. P. Cheokire, W. T. Spencer, R. L. May; Surgeon, Robert Woodworth; Past Assistant Surgeon, D. R. Conrad; Purser, Thomas R. Ware; Chief Engineer, W. P. Williamson; Boatsteward, R. N. Pomery; Gunner, R. J. Hill; Carpenter, Henry P. Leslie; First Assistant Engineer, D. D. McComb; and Henry A. Ramsey; Second Assistant Engineer, C. P. Kidd; Third Assistant Engineer, Robert Putts; George W. Fernand, Levi R. Grun, R. H. Plunket, M. H. Fisher; Master's Mate, James L. Plunket, Michael Warner, Thomas W. Lay, Charles D. Cowley, Charles Fenneman, and Charles Hicks; Grand Green, U.S.M.G., commanding the Marine Guard, assisted by Lieut. George Butler, U.S.M.G.—N. F. Times.

VANITIES FROM "VANITY FAIR."

CHEER UP, LADY, AND YOUR, she is a young lady in Washington the other day, "is such a love that he must have been born on the banks of the Amazon."

QUEST.

If, at present, the eldest son of Victoria Regina is Prince of Wales, what will he be when Full Grown?

Ten Broom's (400,000) Motto.

After Napoleon III.

L'Empire, c'est pale!

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE "AMERICAN DREAM."

Constructive Larceny.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

In view of the antiquity and fossiliferous nature of the new daily called the *World*, *Vanity Fair* suggests that its name be altered to "The World before the Flood."

DEED WORTHY OF RECORD.

We hear great talk among the dilettanti and connoisseurs of that C-note which Musiani raises from his chest. We fail to see anything wonderful in it. We could put our finger upon a certain banker in Wall street who never aspired above the dignity of doing "Hail Columbia" or "My Mary Ann," and yet he has entire ability to raise a pile of C Notes from his chest, at one and the same time.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

The *Herald* says that the Northern politicians see the germ of dissolution in the tendency toward division in the late Convention. Where the Northerners see the germ, the Southerners only see Seed!

"WITH NEATNESS AND (HAPPY) DISPATCH."

In Japan there is not the slightest diffidence in hiring even a prince of the blood for a body servant! All you need do, is to insult him and he will let himself out immediately.

DEMOCRATIC DEFINITION OF REPUBLICANISM.

Rant and Rail.

"BORN TO BLESS UNKINN."

A DEPTOSH.

THE HOSPITABLE SHORES SHARED FOR BY THE JAPANESE.

The Lec-lunds.

REPUBLICAN DELICACY OF THE SEASON.

Rail-Birds.

IMPORTANT CORRECTION.

We are authorized to peremptorily deny the report that Honest Old Abe will charge two-shillings apiece to all persons desiring to vote for him in November next.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Two-Shilling Candidate is now in Illinois. Where he will next take up his Quarters is unknown.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

Lincoln and Douglas.

SUPEREROGATORY.

A morning paper taking some pains to inform its readers "How Lincoln Stands at Home," as if every one did not know that, in the exceeding joyousness of his heart, he stands Drunk.

AN APPEAL OF HONOR VS. AN HONORABLE AFFAIR.

We wonder how it is that Mr. Joe Jefferson avoids fighting a duel; not an evening passes that he is not called out.

MEN INVARIABLE SPECTERS.

The Police Inspectors.

STANDING JUKE.

Passenger Railway Conductor waking a man to "take a seat" when there are ten full-grown hookeys in the car.

SOCIAL QUERY FOR PAIR-FIGHTERS.

Got any "Backer?"

ONE FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

Pennsylvania, always influenced by its Iron interests, is sure to go for Lincoln, simply because he is the "Rail Candidate."

QUOTATION FOR THE READERS OF THE "DUTCH REPUBLIC."

"Motel's your only wear."

A SMALL PIECE OF BUSINESS.

We are pained to observe the small size of the Scales held by the neglected figure on the City Hall Dome. Every one is aware that a much heavier balance is due to justice in that locality.

him come in Eleventh, as the American horse Umpire did in the late Derby Races. If this sort of thing continues, we fear that Mr. Ten Brock will become Mr. Dead Brock very speedily.

EARLY RECOGNITION.

An Alderman in Disguise.

LADY ELLENBOROUGH.

Syria seems to be the land of promise for the eccentric ladies in England who in their native land find that the writ of habeas corpus is not a matter for them to be interested in, or who seeking for privacy and retirement find that their offence against society "is rank." Lady Hester Stanhope's mode of life, and her reasons for living it, were long a subject of scandal and gossip to society. Lady Ellenborough seems to be assuming the same position. We take the following notice of her from the Syrian correspondence of the *Boston Traveller*.

Possessed of an ample fortune, once the favorite of the Court of St. James, after her fall and divorce the wife of a Russian nobleman, and then of a Greek prince, she established herself in Damascus a few years ago. Here she prevailed upon a noted Bedouin chief to put away his wives and live with her. The two spend their Winters in town and their Summers in the desert, where she visited the old wives of the Sheikh, taking with her many beautiful presents to appease their wrath and jealousy. She has frequently been seen in the desert habited in the one loose robe of the children of the sandy waste, barefooted and bareheaded. In Damascus she wears the long white sheet, which covers her figure, but lives in good English style, still retaining the luxuries of civilized life and a French maid. Her constant attendance upon Protestant worship, when in town, gives travellers frequent opportunities of seeing her; and being a majestic woman in appearance, and still retaining traces of a wondrous beauty, she always excites attention and inquiry. I hear that she lately had her marriage with the Sheikh legalized by the Cadi of Damascus, and recorded in the British Consulate. Her lord and master—for in this country a husband is most emphatically a "lord of creation"—possesses nothing either in face or figure to attract a woman of cultivated taste. Small in stature, darker than a mulatto, with small, piercing black eyes, and walking with the swaggering gait of a Bedouin, he disappoints every one who sees him; for one would naturally expect to see something in the appearance of the man which would account for this singular frank of an English lady of rank and fortune in choosing for herself a husband from among the rule sons of the desert. But such expectations are far from being met at sight of this most inferior specimen of the Bedouin race. This interesting couple are now en route for Europe, where the wife hopes to educate and civilize her tawny spouse.

"Sir Rohan's Ghost" has been republished in England. The *Leader* and *Saturday Analyst* think favorably of the book; and talks of Miss Prescott, the author, as a man. We take the following extract from the *Leader's* notice:

Whatever may have been the success of this work in America, we do not think its reception by an English public will be less gratifying to the author. For ourselves we feel justified in pronouncing it, notwithstanding certain blemishes and incongruities, as a decided work of genius, and as such we have no doubt that it will speedily achieve for itself a great popularity and extensive circulation.

The *Athenian* thinks differently, and says, savagely:

"Sir Rohan's Ghost" is a foolish story, told with incredible efforts after fine writing.

The City Guard, Capt. Mansfield Lovell, accompanied by Isdworth's Band, had a delightful excursion to Long Beach, over the new railroad that day opened, on the 18th, to celebrate their twenty-seventh anniversary. A fine ride, a beautiful dinner, spiced with speeches, toast, and song; a soldier's reception and entertainment, on their return, by the State Guards, Capt. Johnson; an evening march up Broadway in a blaze of glory and fireworks, were among the events of the day.

INSURANCE.

THE BROOKLYN.

Fire Insurance Company.

CHARTERED 1854.

OFFICE 110 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL, \$125,000 00

SURPLUS, 107,061 75

ASSETS, \$232,061 75

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEIGHT, Secretary.

CHARLES KIRKHAM, Vice President.

GEORGE ALLEN, Surveyor.

ROBERT C. DILL, Secretary.

CITY.

Fire Insurance Company,

No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of \$250,000, with a surplus of \$100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

George S. Fox, President.

Samuel Townsend, Secretary.